

# The Litchfield Enquirer

Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, and the Interests of Litchfield County.

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## The Litchfield Enquirer

Published every Thursday morning at the Office in Adams' Building, LITCHFIELD, CONN.

By CHARLES ADAMS and H. E. BETTS.

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Postage free within this County.

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**F. D. BEEMAN**, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Also, Commissioner of Deeds for the State of New York. Office in Seymour's Building, South street, Litchfield, Conn.

**E. W. SEYMOUR**, Attorney and Counselor at Law, at Law, Litchfield, Conn.

**GEORGE A. HICKOX**, Attorney at Law. Office in East street, directly opposite the Congregational church, Litchfield, Conn.

## DENTISTRY.

**DR. E. W. BLAKE** would call the attention of his patrons to his superior mode of filling Teeth with pure gold, which renders further decay next to impossible. He would also ask them to look at his superior Single Gum Teeth; also to his Premium Continuous Gum Teeth—the best in use.

The strictest attention given, as usual, to the careful yet expeditious Extraction of Teeth with or without the use of Chloroform, Ether and other numbing agents.

Business hours from 8 o'clock A. M. to 6 o'clock P. M. Office in the first building south of the Mansion House, (up stairs).

Sixteen years in the business—thirteen in Litchfield, Conn., August 1, 1858.

**E. CROSSMAN**, Successor to C. M. HOOKER.

## Dentist

Office in South street, over the Post-Office.  
All operations on the Teeth carefully performed, and warranted to give entire satisfaction.

I have endeavored to satisfy myself as to the skill of Mr. Edward Crossman as a dental practitioner, and think I can safely recommend him to the citizens of Litchfield County as one who merits their confidence and patronage. C. M. HOOKER.  
Hartford, Conn., August 10, 1857.

**R. MERRIMAN**, HAS just returned from New York with an assortment of

## WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

Spectacles, from 25 cents to \$10 the pair.—Plated Butter-Knives, Spoons, Forks, Sewing-Machines and Napkin Rings, Violinello Strings, Violin Strings, Bridges, Screws, Tail-Bands and Violin Bows and Tuning Forks, and Clarinet Reeds, and various Articles too numerous to mention, at the lowest prices.  
Litchfield, May 18, 1857.

## LITCHFIELD BANK.

**THE HON. WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH**, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Errors of the State of Connecticut, lately limited and appointed four months from the 1st day of December, A. D. 1858, for the creditors of the Litchfield Bank, to present their respective claims to the undersigned, who have been appointed by said Judge Receivers of the effects and property of said Bank.

The undersigned, therefore, hereby notify the creditors of said Litchfield Bank, to present their claims against the same to them, the Receivers, at Litchfield or Hartford, within the time limited and allowed as herein named.

**FRANCIS H. HARRISON**, Receiver, ABRAHAM CATLIN, Receiver.  
Litchfield, Conn., Nov. 22d, 1858.

**HENRY A. HULL**

WOULD announce to the citizens of Litchfield and vicinity, that after an absence of ten years, he has returned for the purpose of prosecuting the TAILORING BUSINESS in all its branches, and trusts that by a faithful attention to business, he shall merit the confidence and share in the patronage of the public.

Particular attention paid to the cutting of

## JUVENILE DRESS.

Thanking old friends for their kind demonstration in his behalf, he invites them, and all in need of work in his line, to call at his rooms over the post office in South street.

Litchfield, Oct. 20, 1858.

## RIVERIUS MARSH'S

### PERMANENT

### Black Writing Ink.

IS WARRANTED NOT TO MOULD OR DECAY.

It flows freely from the pen, and is of a beautiful Black color.

Merchants supplied on short notice at the lowest cash prices. Address RIVERIUS MARSH,

25 Litchfield, Conn.

Retailed by F. D. McNeil and Monthrop & Co.

## CLOTHING.

A LARGE and splendid stock of READY MADE CLOTHING of all styles and qualities, cheaper than ever. Superior styles of Youth's and Children's Clothing kept constantly on hand, at

T. H. RICHARD'S Clothing Emporium, West street.

## Flour! Flour! Flour!!!

WHEAT Flour, Rye Flour, Buckwheat Flour, Corn Meal and Provender, fresh ground, at

A. C. SMITH & Co's.

## CROSSMAN'S Shaving, Hair-Cutting and Wig-Making Rooms—under the Mansion House, Litchfield.

LADIES' large size, broad, easy, good Shoes, Gaiters and Rubbers, cheap for cash, at

Clock's.

## Notice.

THE SUBSCRIBER IS NOW PREPARED TO execute all orders for MACHINERY or CASTINGS at his old stand at Baldwin's Mills in WASHINGTON, CONN. All kinds of Machinery, Mill Gearing, Shafting, Pulleys, Saws, and Saw Arbors, Water Wheels, Overshot and Turbine, Grist Mill Irons, of all sorts made to the most improved plans. Particular attention paid to this part of the business, and the subscriber hopes by his long experience and ardent attention to business to merit the patronage of a generous public; all orders thankfully received.  
H. BALDWIN.  
Washington, April 1st, 1858.

## From the Springfield Republican.

### PREACHING UPON POPULAR PROVERBS.

BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

### NUMBER ONE—INTRODUCTION.

"Cold broth hot again, that loved I never;  
Old love renewed again, that loved I ever."  
"Get thy spindle and thy distaff ready, and God will send thee flax."

It is not for the brilliant brace of initial sermons that we still admire the man whom we love to call "our minister." The old love must be renewed again, from Sabbath to Sabbath, from month to month, and from year to year, by new exhibitions of his power, and new demonstrations of his faculty to feed the motives of a large and luxuriant life within our souls. If he fail in this—if his power flinch through laziness, or flag through languor—and he resort to the too common process of heating again the old broth, his productions will grow insipid, and our hungering natures will turn uneasily to other sources for refreshment. It is not for the fresh cheek, the full lip, the fair forehead, the parted sweeps of sunny hair, and the girlish charm of form and features, that we love the wives who have walked hand in hand with us for years, but for new graces, opening each morning like flowers in the parterre, their predecessors having accomplished their beautiful mission and gone to seed. Old love renewed again, through new motives to love, is certainly a thing lovely in itself, and desirable by all, whose love and happiness it is to sit supreme in a single heart, or to hold an honorable place in the affections of the people.

A brief year ago, the pen that traces these lines commenced a series of letters to the young. The letters accumulated, and grew into a book; and this book, with honest aims and modest pretensions, has a place to-day in more than ten thousand homes, while it has been read by hundreds of thousands of men and women in every part of the country. More and better than this, it has become an inspiring, moving and directing power in a great aggregate of young life. I say this with that kind of gladness and gratitude which admits of little pride. I say it because it has been said to me—revealed to me in letters brimming with thankfulness and overflowing with friendliness; expressed to me in silent pressures of the hand—pressures so full of meaning that I involuntarily locked at my palm to see if a jewel had not been left in it; uttered to me by eyes full of interest and pleasure; told me in plain and homely words in the presence of tears that came unbidden, like so many angels sliding silently out of heaven, to vouch for their honesty. To say that all this makes me happy, would not be to say all that I feel. I account the honor of occupying a pure place in the popular heart—of being welcomed in God's name into the affectionate confidence of those for whom life has high meanings and high issues—of being recognized as among the benefactors of society—the greatest honor to be worked for and won under the stars. So much for that which is past, and that which is now.

And now, I would have the old love renewed. I would come to the hearts to which the letters have given me access with another gift; with food for appetites quickened and natures craving further inspiration. I would bring new thoughts to be incorporated into individual and social life, which shall strengthen their vital processes, and to their growth. I would continue and perpetuate the communion of my own with the popular heart. To do this successfully, I know that I must draw directly upon my own experience—upon the results of my own individual thinking, acting, living. I know that no truth can be uttered by a soul that has not realized it in some way with hope to be heard. Perceptive wisdom that has not been vivified by life has in itself no affinity for life.

It is a blessed thing that the heart has an instinct which tells it without fail who has the right to teach it. The stricken mother, sitting by the side of the lifeless form of her first-born, will hear unmoved the words of consolation and the persuasions to resignation which are urged by one who has not suffered, even though he eloquently draw motives from the highest heaven; while the silent pressure of her hand by some humble creature who has hidden her treasure under the daisies, will inspire her with calmness and strength. The world cares little for theorists and theories—little for schools and schoolmen—little for anything a man has to utter that has not previously been distilled in the alembic of his life. It is the life in literature that acts upon life. The pilgrim who knocks at the door of the human heart with gloved hands and attire borrowed for the occasion, will meet with tardy welcome and sorry entertainment; but he who comes with shoes worn and dusty with the walk upon life's highway—with face bronzed by fierce suns and muscles knit by conflict with the evils of the passage, will find abundant entrance and hospitable service.

The machinery which I propose to adopt for my service is simple enough. It is the habit of the mind to condense into diminutive, agreeable and striking forms the results of experience and observation in all the departments of life. As the carbon, disengaged by fire in its multitudinous offices, crystallizes into a diamond that flashes fire from every facet, and bears at every angle the solvent power of the mother flame, so great clouds of truth are evolved by human experience, which are crystallized at last into proverbs, that flash with the lights of history, and illuminate the darkness which rests upon the track of the future. The proverbs of a nation furnish the index to its spirit and the results of its civilization. As this spirit was kind or unkind—as this civilization was Christian or un-Christian—are the proverbs valuable or worthless to us. I know of no more unworthy sentiments, no more dangerous heresies, and no more mischievous lies than are to be found among the proverbs that have

received currency, and a permanent record in the world; but here and there among the ignoble paste shine noble gems, and these, as they may seem worthy, I propose to use as textual titles for these new "Preachings" of mine. I choose them because they are the offspring of experience—because they are instinct with blood and breath and vitality.—They have no likeness to the unverified deductions of reason. They are not propositions, conceived in the understanding and addressed to life, but propositions born of life itself, and addressed to the heart. They were not conceived in the minds of the great few, but they sprang from the life of the people. I give the people their own.

Precisely what these essays of mine are to be, I cannot tell, because I do not know. I only know there is an inexhaustible realm of practical truth around me waiting for revelation. There are multitudinous thoughts, now trailing upon the ground, that point their tendrils tipped with instinct, towards this pen of mine, striving to reach and twine themselves around it that they may be lifted into the sunlight of popular recognition. I have got my spindle and my distaff ready—my pen and mind never doubting for an instant that God will send me flax. Toward the soul which places itself in the attitude of reception, all things flow. For such a soul are all good gifts fashioned in heaven. The sun shines for it; the birds sing for it; up toward it the flowers swing their censurs and wait their odors. Into it golden streams flow the beauty of star-spangled rivers. The roar of waters and the plash of waterfalls give healthful pulse to its atmosphere. Into its open windows come the notes of human joy and human woe in the triumph and the struggles of the passing time. Past its open door Memory leads the long procession of its precious dead, who look in with sweet faces and whispers of peace. In front of it, Imagination marshals the forces of the future, and it thrills with the bugle-blast and trembles with the drum beat of the thundering host. For perception were all things made, and to the door of perception all things tend; so that the soul that throws itself wide open to all that is made for it shall find itself full.

When a soul thus receptive places itself in the attitude of expression, it has but to move its lips and the words will flow. The mind that has become a treasure house of truth and beauty speaks a world into existence with every utterance. Expression is its instinct and its necessity. This expression may not always seek the shape of language, but it will assert itself in some form. The patriot reveals the secret of his soul when he gladly dies for his country, and sacrifices his life upon the altar of his inspiration. The Sister of Mercy tells the story of her love and her devotion, unseen and unheard by the world, in midnight ministrations to the comfort of the sick and the dying. The modest mother expresses the love and life she has received from God and the things of God in the tutelage of the young spirits born of her, and the creation of a bright and graceful home for them. We give what we have received—that which is within us will out of us. Expression is the necessity of possession.

The form which expression takes depends upon natural tendencies and aptitudes, and habits imposed by circumstances and opportunities. I suppose that to every man who writes a book, or is in the habit of writing books, there comes at the conclusion of each effort a sense of exhaustion. Then, through days, and weeks, and months, he walks contentedly, taking in new food—without method, without design—anything—everything—regarding his sensibilities, ministering to his appetite for knowledge, exercising his sympathies, absorbing greedily all the influences evolved by the life around him, till there steals upon him insensibly, the desire for another installment of expression in the habitual way. He finds himself organizing the truth he has received, into harmonious and striking forms. He is arrested in fits of abstraction into which he has fallen unawares. He finds a chill on his knee without knowing how it came there. He passes a friend in the street without seeing him. He will not be content until the pen is in his hand, and his mind has applied itself to the work demanded by its condition.

But about that flax that God sends to such a man: this would all seem to be pulled from the earth, softened by sun and rain, and broken and huddled by natural processes. True; and, yet, I imagine there are few thinking minds in the world that are not aware of a double process by which expression is arrived at—one entirely involuntary, lying deep down in the consciousness, and operating independently of volition; and another, voluntary, lying upon the surface, and mostly engaged in the invention of forms—dependent for materials upon the process beneath it. This is the reason why millions of men undertake to do what they never can do. The involuntary—the divine process—working profoundly in their nature, throws up materials which they have no power to clothe in language, or present in forms of art which the mind will recognize as appropriate. Such men are misled. They strive to write essays, and fail. They struggle to produce poems, but cannot. They have abundant materials for essays and epics in them, but they are incapable of combining and expressing them. Many men and women spend their lives in unsuccessful efforts to spin the flax God sends them upon a wheel that they can never use. The trouble with these people is, that they have made a mistake in their spindle. It is with the human mind as with the plant. Deep underground there is a process of selection going on, by which salts and juices are drawn by a million roots and rootlets into the stem—drawn from masses of mould and sand and gravel—and sent upward to be acted upon again—flax sent up by God to be spun. Every tree and shrub is a distaff for holding and every twig a spindle for spinning the material with which God invests it.

One twig, by a power of its own, will make an apple, another a peach, another a pear, another will spin through long weeks upon a round, green bud, and then weave into it star-beams and moonbeams and sunbeams, and burst into a rose. The man full of juices and Roxbury Russets, and yet undertakes to bear roses or magnolia blossoms will always fail. Blessed is that man who knows his own distaff and has found his own spindle.

It is with profound conviction that this pen which I hold is my particular spindle that I begin upon the flax which God sends me thro' a process entirely independent of my will, and undertake to spin a series of essays, kind reader, for you. That I may be able to contribute a worthy thread to the warp of your lives, or at least, to furnish a portion of their woof; contributing to their substance, if not to their beauty—is the wish and prayer of your friend,  
TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

THE MINISTER AND THE HAMS.—A correspondent of the *Protestant* relates the following anecdote. He says he had the narrative from a most reliable source, and, as near as may be, gives it in the language of the narrator:

I knew a man who, until past the meridian of life, manifested in all his transactions a mean, miserly spirit. Money was his god. He was proverbially "a mean man." Between forty and fifty he became a subject of "Sovereign Grace." His eyes were opened to see with great distinctness the truth of that word, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." In a word he was truly converted. At the period of which I speak, he was a wealthy farmer, on one of our rich prairies. He united with the people of God, he confessed, and most deeply deplored the sin of covetousness. He promised, with divine help, to "Live no longer unto himself." He was sincere in his promise and purpose. Little did the poor man know himself, the power of habit, of temptation, or of the conflict before him between the "Old and New Man."

As was then the custom in the Methodist church in the country, and is to some extent at this day, the minister in charge was in the habit of receiving his dues in provisions, &c. Soon after "Old Covenants" united with the class, the preacher got out of meat; so he harnessed up, and rode over to Brother C.'s house.

"Good morning, Bro. C."

"Good morning; glad to see you; won't you light?"

"No, thank you. Wife says we are out of meat, and I thought—"

(Old man.) "Out of meat are ye? (New man) Well, I'm glad to hear it; it will do me good to supply you. Go to my smokehouse yonder, and take the best ham you can find—mind and take the biggest."

On went the preacher, and soon returned, bearing a ham weighing twenty pounds. He passed on to his wagon.

Now came the conflict. "You old fool; that ham weighs twenty pounds. Hams are scarce—worth one shilling per pound." (New man, *solus*.) "God loveth the cheerful giver."

"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" O God, forgive me. Get thee behind me, Satan. Here Mr. come back! Now, said he, "go again to my smokehouse, and this time get two hams. Get the very best—mind you get rousers."

Soon he returned, bearing forty pounds more of the precious meat. Then came over the poor man again the spirit of covetousness.

(Old man.) "Well, you are a fool! You will die in the poorhouse yet! Forty, sixty lbs.—worth eight dollars! Eight dollars gone slick!" (New man.) "Honor the Lord with thy substance. Give, and it shall be given unto you. Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy though I fall, I shall rise again. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil. O, I am—I am in the valley."

Poor man, he was, and like Bunyan's Christian, he sheathed his sword, and cried to Him who was "able and willing"—"Lord save me!" (New man.) "Here, Mr. come back! come back! Now his manly form trembled! The water stood in his eyes, and then, like a child, he wept and sobbed as he told the minister of the warfare within. "And now, Mr. Devil," said he, "if you don't quit this business, I'll give away every ham I've got in the smokehouse."

Then "Apollyon spread his wings and left him for a season."

WALTZING.—The following daguerreotype, which we find in the *St. Louis Advocate*, is executed in true colors:

"Look! look!" said a half a dozen lady voices, one pretty night, as we sat leaning against the outside of the ball room. We did look—as if for our modesty ought not to have done so.

"If my children were among them, I'd whip them well for it! Yes, if they were full grown I'd give them the hickory!" So said the wife of one of our princes as she turned away in utter disgust. Let me describe a little—if the public may look, certainly it may read, though it run.

A group of splendid ones is on the floor, and lovingly mated. The gents encircle their partners' waists with one arm. The ladies and gentlemen stand close, face to face. The gents are very erect, and lean little forward.—(Music.)

Now, all wheel, whirl, circle and curl. Feet and heels of gents go rip rap, tippy tip. Ladies' feet go tippy tip, tippy tip. Then all go rippity, clippity, slippity, tippity, bippity, skippity, hoppity, jumpity, bumpity, thump. Ladies fly off by centrifugal momentum.

Gents pull ladies hard and close. They reel, swing, slide, sling, look tender, look silly, look dizzy.—Feet fly hoops fly, dresses fly, all fly. It looks tuggity, pullity, squeezeity, rip. The men look like a cross between steel-yards, and

"limber jacks," bottles, Xes. The maidens tuck down their chins very low, or raise them exceedingly high. Some smile, some grin, some giggle, some pout, some sneer. The ladies faces are brought against those of the men, or into their bosoms, breast against breast, nose against nose, toes against toes.

Now they go it again, making a sound like Georgy, porry, deery, peery, ridey, coachey, poachey. This dance is not much, but the extras are glorious. If men were women there would be no such dancing. But they are only men and the thing goes on by woman's love of it. A secular writer says: "There is no established standard of propriety about this matter. If I were a lady I might object to these dances, but being a man I do not. We certainly ought to be satisfied, if they are."

## KING GEORGE IV. IN IRELAND.

A review of Jessie's *Diary of the Reign of George IV.*, in the *London Morning News*, describes the King's visit to Ireland thus:

"The death of the Queen, and the sudden mood into which the people of England fell, as the result of that catastrophe, drove the King to Ireland, to derive from the wild, frantic hurrahs of Paddy some consolation for the ill-suppressed and dangerous mutterings of John Bull. It was a famous stroke of policy, that Irish visit, and proved very advantageous for all parties concerned. A real live King, one who looked like a King, who was ready to shake hands with anybody, who took kindly to whiskey, and who constantly wore an immense shamrock in his button-hole, soon became almost an object of worship with the susceptible West Britons. It was the little fishing village of Howth which had the honor of welcoming the first English King who had visited Ireland since the days of the Plantagenets. The gigantic fishermen, gaunt and ragged, crowded around the royal visitor as he stepped ashore, and one tremendous fellow was successful in seizing the delicate jewelled hand of his astonished sovereign. The latter stared, shrunk back, and winced, but soon recollecting himself, smiled graciously, and, as the French say, 'accepted the situation.' The fishermen having given the royal hand a tremendous shake, held up his own immense grumpy paw in the air, and swore with tremendous energy that 'the hand which had been shaken by the King should never be touched by soap or water to his dying day.' The King was delighted, and seemed highly to appreciate the extent of sacrifice which his Irish subject was willing to make to the sentiment of loyalty. Then the people shouted, 'Hurrah for Howth and your Majesty! The King laughed heartily at this new order of precedence; and just as the carriage was driving off, one sharp fellow, more collected than the rest, bowed up, and said, 'And sure your Majesty won't forget the Window Tax?' We have in the first volume an amusing description of the way in which the royal time was spent during the passage across the Channel:

"The passage to Dublin was occupied in eating goose pie and drinking whiskey, in which his Majesty partook most abundantly, singing many joyous songs, and being in a state, on his arrival, to double in eight even the numbers of his gracious subjects assembled on the pier to receive him. The fact was, they were in the last stage of intoxication. However, they got him to the Park."

"The Irish visit was one continued ovation. The letters teem with rapturous comments on the loyal enthusiasm of the Irish, whom we find, however, with an eye to the main chance, taking every opportunity to dispose of the royal mind favorably towards the great question of Roman Catholic emancipation. The repeal of the window tax, their first petition, was obtained at once, and although emancipation was not carried until ten years after, there is no doubt but that the foundation was laid during the King's visit to Ireland."

The *Hartford Times* publishes a letter from Pleasant Valley, in the town of Barkhamstead—just under the shadow of the Light House—which letter tells the following story of a clergyman who was supplying the pulpit of the Baptist Church there, last Sunday:

After announcing his text, he proceeded with his sermon, but had not gone far when he said to the astonished audience:

"I have been instructed not to preach anything of Abolitionism or Republicanism—but, I must serve my Master, and I—"

At this juncture Deacon Doolittle rose and said—

"Hold on. It's my impression that you have said enough." (Turning to the audience.) "Meeting is out!"

The audience rose simultaneously, and taking their hats, went out. The minister sat down. Deacon Doolittle went to the pulpit and said to him—

"If you want to preach politics, I have no objection, and my house is at your service. But this church is not the proper place, and it cannot be permitted. If you desire to give a political sermon or speech, you can do so at my house, or any other place, and I will warrant a good audience, and you shall have fair play and not be hurt. But you must not attempt it in this church."

They have smart boys up in Albany, says the *Register*. One of them, a pupil in one of the city schools, got off a pleasant little conceit in rhyme, the other day, as follows:

The moon was setting in a cloud,  
Full fledged in golden light,  
A hatching out the little stars,  
The chickens of the night.

But out of all that brilliant brood,  
Produced by Luna pale,  
There was but one poor little chick  
That could produce a tail.

This might very appropriately come under the head of "comet literature."

A babbling brook is always shallow.

## A JOKE ON A JUDGE.

At the January term of the Court of Appeals the four regular judges and three of the Supreme Court justices opened the term at the appointed time, and proceeded to business, the justice for the district not having arrived. A case was called, and the counsel for the appellant commenced opening it. The gentleman is well known in the state, and at a former election received the vote of one of the great political parties for a judgeship in the Court of Appeals. He is a good lawyer, with a dry, sound mind and considerable humor. While he was in the midst of his case, the absent judge of the Supreme Court rushed into the room, somewhat excited by a rapid walk up State street, the hill being much higher and steeper than he was accustomed to climb at home.

He hastily took the vacant seat on one end of the bench, seized the papers and commenced passing them before his face, within a short distance of his nose. The lawyer who was opening the case had never seen this judge, and did not know his peculiarities. Presently the justices had run through the case, and got to a point considerably in advance of the lawyers narrative of facts. During the whole course of reading the case, this judge had kept up a fire of questions as to facts, and as his mind was all the time upon some point different from the part which the lawyer was relating, the questions interrupted the history and evidently annoyed the lawyer.

Presently the judge said: "Mr. H., it seems that the assignee transferred a litter of pigs in this interest."

"Yes, your Honor," said the lawyer, and resumed his statement.

The judge hurried on, and presently made another discovery. He interrupted with another question:

"I see in this instrument you speak of a particular pig, as a litman pig. What do you mean by litman pig?"

The lawyer, whose patience had become exhausted, threw down his papers and replied:

"If your Honor does not know what a litman pig is, I will say that it is the last pig introduced into the litter, and is always the noisiest and silliest pig in the litter."

N. Y. Evening Post.

RULES FOR TRAVELLERS.—The following rules are important to travellers, and are not as widely known as could be desired:

It has been lately decided that applicants for tickets on railroads can be ejected from the cars if they do not offer the exact amount of their fare. Conductors are not bound to make change.

All railroad tickets are good until used, and conditions "good for this day only," or otherwise limiting the time of genuineness are of no account.

Passengers who lose their tickets can be ejected from the cars unless they purchase a second one.

Passengers are bound to observe decorum in the cars; and are obliged to comply with all reasonable demands to show tickets. Standing upon the platform, or otherwise violating a rule of the company, renders a person liable to be put off the train.

No person has any right to monopolize more seats than he has paid for, and any article left in the seat while the owner is temporarily absent, entitles him to the place on his return.

The above rules are based on legal decisions.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing from Fairfield, Conn., under date of March 21st says:

"A disgraceful scene was witnessed on the railroad train which left New Haven at 4 10 on Saturday afternoon. Some sixty Irishmen were returning to Norwalk from Bridgeport, where they had been Americanized under the auspices of Messrs. Winslow and Bishop, Sheriff Van Zandt and Superintendent Hoyt. Stimulated by new love for the party in general and the candidates in particular, and infuriated by rum, they raved and cursed and fought like madmen, smashed the car windows, frightened the ladies, and exhibited a travelling panorama of a Tammany Hall row. The Sheriff, who is "one of em" was unable or unwilling to restrain them; the employees of the road were powerless, or perhaps forbidden to interfere; and so pandemonium was let loose upon the unhappy passengers. "Some of the miscreants were taken from the cars at Norwalk, half naked and covered with blood."

"Thus voters are manufactured for the coming election. It is commonly reported that Superintendent Hoyt is freely abusing his official position in the giving of free passes, or distributing tickets to Democratic voters. The managers of the New Haven Railroad will do well to inquire into this matter."

THE GIRLS OF 1778.—The following has been resented from a newspaper published at the time of the revolution:

The following droll affair lately happened at Kinderhook, New York. A young fellow, an enemy to the liberties of America, going to a quelling frolic, where a number of young women were collected, and the only man in company, began his aspersions on Congress, as usual, and held forth some time on the subject, till the girls expiated at his impudence, laid hold of him, stripped him naked to the waist, and instead of tar, covered him with molasses, and for feathers took the downy tops of flags which grow in the meadow, and coated him well, and let him go. He has prosecuted every one of them, and the matter has been tried before Justice Schoonmaker. We have not yet heard his worship's judgment. It is said that Parson Buel's daughter is concerned in the affair."

Reading, without reflection, weakens the understanding.